

# THE EUGENE CITY GUARD.

ESTABLISHED FOR THE DISSEMINATION OF DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES, AND TO EARN AN HONEST LIVING BY THE SWEAT OF OUR BROW.

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The Eugene City Guard.

I. L. CAMPBELL,

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—OR AT THE—

W DRUG STORE OP HAYES and LUCKEY.

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*Best orset in town for 50c*  
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Goods sold as low as any House in Oregon, for

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Highest price paid for all kinds of Country Produce. Call and See

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### Harness Shop.

HAVING OPENED A NEW SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP ON 8th STREET west of Grain Row, I am now prepared to furnish everything in that line at the

LOWEST RATES.

The Most

### Competent Workmen

Are employed, and I will endeavor to give satisfaction to all who may favor me with a call.

**A. S. CURRIE.**

#### A True Story.

The value of the United States to a poor boy is that it permits him to rise just as fast as he can climb. No public opinion, class jealousy, nor hereditary aristocracy interposes the slightest obstacle to his ascent. He may reach the top, if he can, no matter how low down he may start. Sixty years ago, says the Youth's Companion, a poor man, a third-rate schoolmaster, came from England to St. Louis. He had a large family, and one of his boys, 15 years old, was made a bread-winner. One day, as the boy was driving a dirt cart, which, with the old horse that hauled it, his father had managed to buy, he passed a Baptist church where the circuit court was holding its sessions. The boy, hearing a voice, as of some one speaking, stopped his horse by the sidewalk and entered.

The young cartman had never before been in court, and it happened that Edward Bates, the orator of the St. Louis bar, was addressing the jury. The boy listened with all his ears and was so fascinated by the advocate's eloquence that he stood there until the speech was ended. Then he went out a changed boy. Driving home, he took the horse out of the cart, put him into the stable, and sought an interview with his father.

"Father," said the excited boy, upon whom the vision of another life had dawned, "I don't intend to drive a cart any more."

"What are you going to do?" asked the father, in a tone which showed his indignation at the boy's self-assertion.

"I am going to be a lawyer."

"Lawyer!" exclaimed the old gentleman, as much astonished as if his son had announced his determination to become President of the republic.

"Yes, sir, I'm going to be a lawyer," repeated the boy.

In a few months the boy was over in Illinois teaching in a log school house. But "keeping school" in those days, though a little more profitable than driving a dirt cart, was not a paying business. In two or three years the youth stopped out of the school house into an office whose lettered "shingle" announced that "Edward D. Baker, Thomsonian Doctor," was expectantly waiting inside for calls from patients.

When he had earned a little money he left off prescribing herbs and began preparing himself for administering the law. Entering a lawyer's office, he studied hard, and was admitted at length to the bar of Illinois.

The people of Illinois sent him to Congress, and the Mexican war put him into the field, where he distinguished himself as the colonel of a regiment. Subsequently he removed to Oregon, and in 1861 returned to Washington as United States Senator. When the war broke out he raised a regiment of volunteers, and leaving the Senate chamber, where he had shown himself the equal of the eloquent Benjamin, led them to Ball's Bluff.

"Lie down, boys! lie down!" he shouted to his men, on seeing their ranks decimated by the enemy's bullets.

They obeyed, but he stood erect, a target for the sharpshooters.

"Why don't you lie down yourself, colonel!" shouted a prostrate soldier.

"My boy!" he replied, "a senator of the United States can't afford to lie down before the enemy."

In a few minutes he fell to the ground, dead, with a bullet through his brain. The cart-driver had become a hero.

The strength of his purpose had become the measurement of his attainment.

We see by our California exchanges that organizations and conventions are being held all over the State memorializing the Central Pacific Railroad Company to continue the California & Oregon branch to a connection with the Oregon & California road at Ashland.

It is said that the Oregon Pacific Railroad will continue its line through Eastern Oregon as fast as possible.

In the bright lexicon of Mr. Hoach's cruisers there is no other word but fail.

#### The Oregon Pacific.

Rumors have been afloat for some time regarding the intention of the Oregon Pacific to extend its line from Corvallis on over to Eastern Oregon and to make a connection with the Oregon Short Line. But the financial difficulties of the company as evidenced in its tardiness in paying off its employees tended to discourage the idea of such a design on the part of that company. But the rumor received some confirmation in last Saturday's dispatches, which stated that Manager Hoag, in an interview at San Francisco, declared that the road "will be at once extended from Corvallis into Idaho." There will be no trouble or delay about surveys. Three different routes from Corvallis to the summit have been surveyed and platted. The first crosses the Willamette river at Corvallis, passes through Tangent, Lebanon, Sweet Home, and on up the South Santiam river along the line of the W. V. & C. Mt. W. R. The second line surveyed crosses the river at Corvallis, curves to the left and crosses the Q. & C. R. R. about two miles and a half south of Albany, passes on near Knox Butte, crosses the South Santiam just below the mouth of Crabtree creek, thence to Seio, crosses Thomas creek above Seio, and on in a general north-easterly direction until it crosses the North Santiam some distance above Mehama; thence up the North Santiam to the summit. The third line begins at Corvallis and follows down on the west side of the Willamette to Albany, where it crosses the river and curves somewhat to the left, passes in north of Knox Butte, crosses the South Santiam below the mouth of Thomas creek, passes on in north of Seio and comes to the North Santiam at the same point where the second line crosses. From this point the second and third lines are the same.

The Hartford Courant, General Joe Hawley's paper, a paper which may be said to have grown old in the Republican party, says: "We are one people, North and South. The old root of bitterness is now, thank God, only a remembrance. The Union is infinitely stronger in 1885 than it was in 1865, or in 1795, for that matter. The flag is as dear in South Carolina as it is in Connecticut. We are one people. Shame and confusion and utter failure to the unworthy American, North or South, who in this new day, and with Grant's words to Buckner before his eyes, seeks to rekindle the embers of old strife!" General Hawley is one of the men who got "warmed up" during the war. He, and his father before him, a good Congregational clergyman, were abolitionists before the war, but they never allowed their hearts to be gangrened with hate to the Southern people.

In the northern part of Nebraska an Irish colony called Jackson has been settled for twenty-nine years, six of the colonists of which are worth from \$40,000 to \$90,000 each. They were very poor when they arrived there, and were so discouraged by the desolate appearance of the prairie and the loneliness and desolation, which affected the Irish so much, that if they had had money they would have left. Fortunately they had not. They had come up by steamers from the Southern States, where they had been digging ditches.

An exchange says: "You may live all the stars in a nail keg, hang the ocean on a rail fence to dry, put the sky in a gourd to soak, unbuckle the bellyband of eternity, and let out the sun and moon, but never delude yourself with the idea that you can escape the place on the other side of purgatory unless you pay the printer."

Oregon is making progress in civilization. A genuine bare-knife prize fight between two beasts—Campbell and Reilly—is to take place somewhere on the Columbia September 12th, and the animals are now in training.

In speaking of Hazlett, the tramp printer, the Boise Democrat wants to know how it is that lightning will miss him and kill a mole over in the next county.

#### Dexter Items.

It seems that some of the boys who went a few days ago to the springs had quite an adventure. Two of them were quietly fishing along the banks of the ever placid Middle Fork, when they espied what seemed to them a terrible monster with tail erect and jaws agape ready to take them in out of the cold. To say that their hair stood on end like "quills on the fretful porcupine," is putting it too mild. They at once concluded that it was not a good time to fish, and thinking "discretion the better part of valor," they fired a shot from a revolver at this (they didn't hardly know what to call it), wounding it slightly, and then skeddaddled for camp, the animal doing the same. After procuring reinforcements and J. W. Hill's dog, they returned to the attack and had the satisfaction of placing hors du combat a little starved panther.

P. S.—By grape vine telegraph from Kitson's Springs, Aug. 24.—Lucien Parker and Al Keeny, who had the encounter with one of the wild beasts of the forest, recently, are reported to be out of danger, and their many friends need feel no fear on their account. The outrageous reports that their hair had turned white and that they had shed their toe nails, we believe were started for political effect.

BILLY BUTTON.

#### Webster's Farewell.

The following is an extract from Mr. Webster's nocturnal speech after his defeat for the Presidential nomination at the Whig National Convention in June, 1852, and is full of mournful pathos. It was his farewell to public life and to all hopes of reaching the goal of his ambition:

"Gentlemen, this is a serene and beautiful night. Ten thousand of the lights of heaven illuminate the firmament. A few hours hence their glory will be extinguished.

"Ye stars that glitter in the skies,  
And daily dance before my eyes,  
What are ye when the sun shall rise?"

"Gentlemen, there is not one among you who will sleep better to night than I shall. If I wake, I shall learn the constellations; and I shall rise in the morning, God willing, with the lark; and though the lark is a better singer than I am, yet he will not leave the dow and the daisies and spring up to greet the purpling earth with a more blithe and jocund spirit."

Somebody has calculated that the advertisements in a recent Saturday issue of the London Times brought in about \$11,000. This would make \$66,000 a week, \$264,000 a month, and \$3,168,000 a year. The number consisted of twenty-four pages, and of these fourteen were filled with advertisements. This is larger than the average number, and the total income for a year from the advertising is probably not more than three-fourths the above sum, or nearly \$2,500,000 a year. What the expenses of the paper are, nobody but the proprietors and two or three others know. The highest estimates have, however, never exceeded \$25,000 a week, or one-half the probable receipts.

The once popular and puissant William Mahone has shrunk away to such an extent as to be almost invisible to the naked eye. The present administration seems to regard him with the same haughty indifference with which a well-bred gentleman views a half-smoked cigarette in the gutter.—Chicago News (Ind.)

During the dedication of a Methodist church in Tacoma, W. T., the other day, a monkey from the ship W. A. Campbell unexpectedly and unannounced walked into the church, amused himself by walking on his head and up and down the walls, and left without even glancing at the contribution plate.

The daughter of John Wilson, the famous circus man, has received a dispatch announcing the death of her father at Hamburg. No particulars were given. Mr. Wilson was about 65 years of age, and when last heard from was running a circus in Calcutta, India.